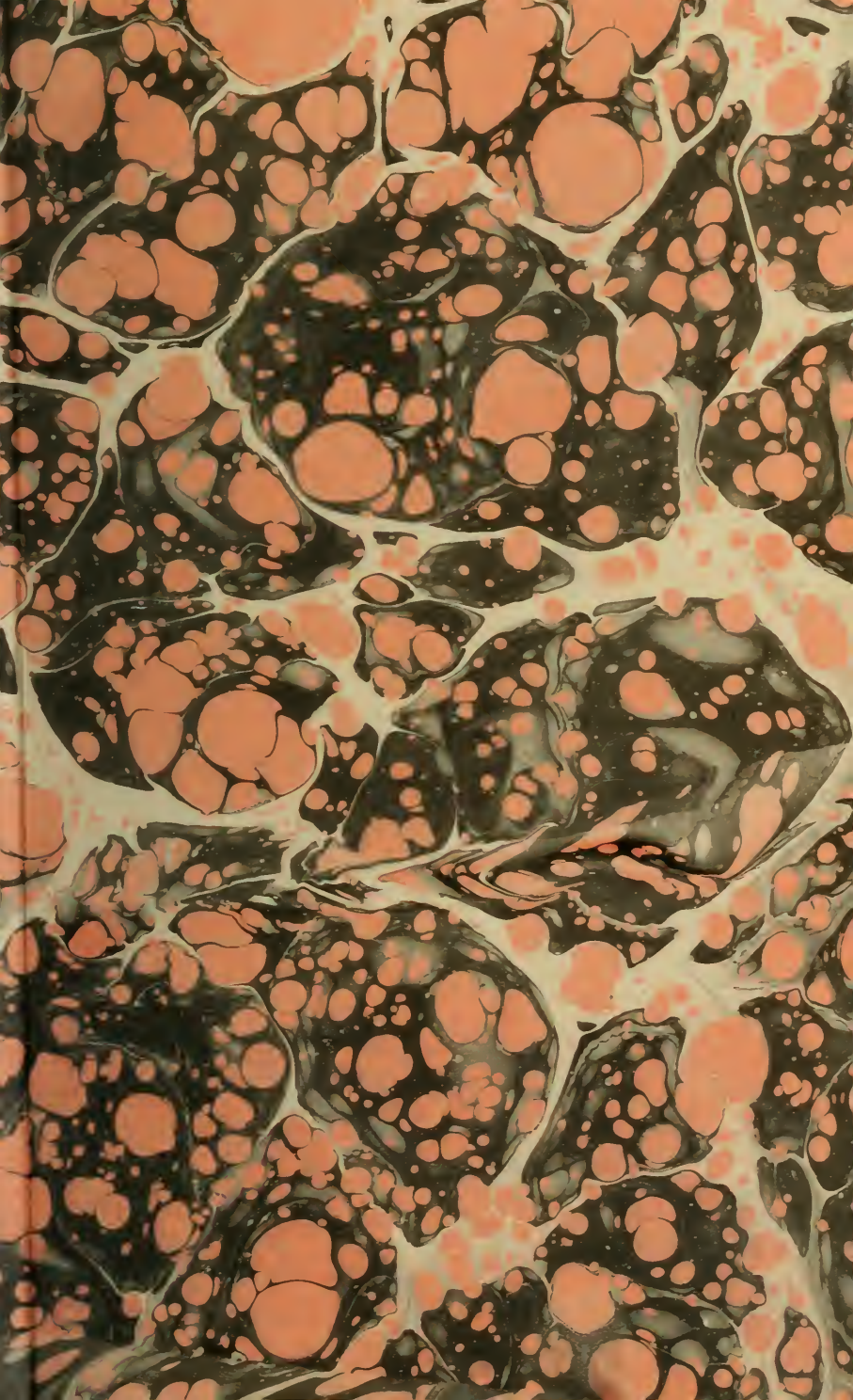

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A FREE

COMMENT

ON THE

Thomas Winnington

Late Mr. *W*——*G*——*N*'s

APOLOGY for his CONDUCT;

WHICH

Clears up the Obscurities of that Celebrated POSTHUMOUS WORK, and dissipates the Clouds in which the AUTHOR has thought proper to envelope his Meaning.

By a LADY, in a LETTER to her FRIEND in the COUNTRY.

His Principles, of ancient Date,
Ill Suit with those profess'd of late. SWIFT.

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A FREE
COMMENT, &c.

My Dear HARRIOT,

WAS it becauſe you knew I could refuſe you nothing that you impoſe ſo unconſcionable a Task upon me?—A Comment on *Tom W——n*'s Apology! Bleſs us, my Dear! Did you reflect on the Difficulty of the Undertaking?—a Woman, criticiſe the Works of a Man of Letters, a Miniſter, and a ſtanding Orator at St. *Stephen*'s! What could come into your poor Head to think your illiterate Friend equal to ſo difficult an Undertaking?

You tell me, you are ſure I can do it to the Purpoſe. Thank you for your good Opinion. But, my Dear, do you conſider the wide Difference there is between ſpeaking and writing. One that's not very old, tolerably agreeable, and of ſome Faſhion, may be heard with Pleaſure, at leaſt with Patience, in a mixt Circle of two legged

Animals that greedily ſwallow what a Woman of Rank drops, in order to repeat it, that they may appear of the greater Conſequence among their Acquaintance on Account of the diſtinguiſh'd Company they keep. But change the Scene; ſtrip your female Orator of Rank, of theſe Advantages, and ſhe will appear juſt what ſhe is, a Tatler, a weak ſuperficial Agent that talks prettily on Trifles, but without Force or Connexion when ſhe comes to ſpeak or write on ſerious Subjects.

I know my own Inability ſo well, that, as much I love you, I would deſire to be excuſed on this Occaſion, if I were not ſatisfied you will keep the Secret, and that by your doing ſo, I ſhall be as much *enclouded* as our *Apologiſt* was all the while he had been perſonating the *Revolutioner*.—*Enclouded!* You ſee, my Dear, I can't forget the *Chaſte Nine*, tho' it be twice nine Years, ſince I loſt him who had firſt introduced me to them.—Poor, dear, facetious, inoffenſive *G—y!* What would I give that he were now at my Elbow to direct my Pen. Then, *Harriot*, might you expect that compleat and humorous

Diſſection

Diſſection of the mask'd Patriot's *Legacy*, which you now vainly hope at my Hands.

But, Dear Child, why was not your Application rather to Lady——*d* than to me, who, you know, was in no great Intimacy with Mr. *W*——*n*. She, who ingroſs'd his Heart, knew all its Mazes and Windings; ſhe, who ſaw him at all Hours, in all Humours; ſhe, who beſt knew how his Pulſe beat, whether to *J*——*s* or *G*——*e*; ſhe, I ſay, who knew him ſo well, and can ſpeak ſo well, why was it not to her you applied? You have known her as long, and been as intimate with her as with me, yet you chuſe to make freer with me, becauſe, you ſay, I am better-natured and have not ſo keen a Weapon.

I forgive you; tho' I ſcarce think you will forgive yourſelf, when you conſider how much better you might be entertain'd had you laid your Commands on her, who is ſuppoſed to have handed the *Apology* to the Preſs as ſoon as her *Mourning* was over. —Methinks, I ſee you ſimper at the Word *Mourning*. But pray, Madam, why might not one married Woman of Quality be allow'd

allow'd to mourn for a *favourite Acquaintance*, as well as another? If the Extraction of the Men be taken into the Account, the Balance will be on the Side of Mr. *W——n*; and as for *Party Merit*, I dare say, that *James* was secretly as much attach'd to the *old Constitution* as *Thomas*.

Apropos to this same *old Constitution*, about which the *Apologist* makes such a pother, I must amuse you with the Sketch of a Conversation which happen'd the other Morning between your humble Servant, and a tall middle-aged Foreigner of Fashion, who frequents the best Families in Town, and is particularly well received at *L——r-H——e*.

This Nobleman, who, they say, has a very long Head that is to be soon cover'd with a *red* instead of a *black* Hat, seeing the *Apology* on my Toilet, took it up, and after casting his Eye hastily over the Pages, put me so many odd Questions, which puzzled me not a little, that I took up my Pen, as soon as he was gone, to reduce the Conversation to Writing. Here it is at your Service. Perhaps you may know better how

how to deal with this prying *Italian* than I, who have not made our Hiſtory as much my Study as you. And if, by the Aid of *Echard*, *Rapin*, *Guthery*, or *Carte*, who has juſt now made his Appearance, you can help me to ſilence or convince this ingenious Foreigner, you will oblige me.

I muſt tell you by the bye, that you have no Milk-ſop to deal with. This Man is the very *D——l* for Knowledge: Would you believe, that tho' he has not been here but a very few Months, he knows already our Families, Weakneſſes, Modes, Cuſtoms, Laws and Intereſts better than moſt of our Legiſlators, and underſtands our Languages; tho' he can't ſpeak it quite ſo quaintly, as well as ſome that affect to talk in Publick. For my Part, I know as little what to make of this myſterious Foreigner as of the *Apologiſt*, who appears to me to have been as ſhallow as the other is deep, notwithſtanding the Miſt he affects to raiſe around him. —But to the Converſation.

C. Senior *N——i*, what do you think of the Politicks of our *Engliſh* Miniſters, that were able, for ſixty Years together, to impoſe

impoſe upon our ſeveral Princes and the Publick, without being ſuſpected by either?

N. Ah, Madam! *Engliſh* Miniſters were at all Times very deep Stateſmen. Your Countrymen are not more renowned in the Field than the Cabinet. In all Ages your Cabinet has been famous.——

C. For Blunders——indeed, Senior, I take it very ill you would attempt flattering me ſo groſly. I took you for one of more Sincerity.

N. I proteſt, Madam; I ſpeak from my Heart. If it be true, as this Book ſays, that all your Miniſters were other than they appear'd, what Stateſmen in the World could have acted with ſo great Delicacy?

C. You muſt not believe all that Book ſays.

N. No, Madam; I am ſorry for that. I thought it was uncommon for Gentlemen to write or ſpeak Untruth.

C. Oh, Senior! Had you attended ſome of our publick *Aſſ*——*s*, you would have known better what dirty Roads Miniſters are ſometimes obliged to trudge in.

N.

N. But ſurely, no Miniſter would die with a Lye in his Mouth; and I take this to have been that Gentleman's political Will.

C. It was ſo: And ſuch we muſt ſuppoſe was the *B——p's Hiſtory of his own Times*, which I have heard you condemn——

N. As I would an Untruth, tho' wrote by a Pope.—Fy upon't, a Prelate propagate Falſhood to ſtrengthen or cover a *W—k* Cauſe!—Well may the *old Religion* be held in Contempt among you, if your *C——y* will ſay of it what they liſt and you implicitly believe all they ſay.

C. Pray, Sir, judge not ſo raſhly of our Guides. They are not all *Gil——ts* nor, if they were, ſhould we pay them any more Attention than is paid the vociferous *O---r*, who, like all other publick *O——rs* lets out his Lungs for Bread. But, Senior, I beg leave to know, what you mean by the *old Religion*, which you ſay we hold in Contempt?

N. Do you forget the Orator's Definition of it, the laſt time I had the Honour to wait of you in Diſguiſe, to his Theatre?

Can you forget the late *A—B——p*'s Dialogue with St. *Peter*, who alledged, in Support of his Refuſal of the *P——te*'s Requeſt, that their common Maſter had left a Church which could not poſſibly ſtand in need of a *R———n*.

C. I ſhall never forget the Pleaſures of that Evening; for I don't remember to have been ſo well diverted in all my Life. Such a Flux of Words, with ſuch a Variety of Subjects, and ſo conſummate an *Aſſurance*—Senior, what would you do with ſuch a Clergyman in *Italy?*

N. Give him a fat Living, which would ſtrike him dumb at once, or let him Lodgings in a *M——h——e*. But to do the Man Juſtice, he ſays many good Things and ſpeaks Truth which, I have heard your——*e* ſay, is more than moſt of his Cloth do.

C. He is your Hero, becauſe he agrees with your Notions as to what you call the *old Religion*.

N. What I call it, Madam! I call it but what all the World muſt call it. A Religion was left us by the infallible *Founder*, and

and that which he left us we may ſurely be allow'd to call and deem the *old Religion*. —— You are not, Madam, to ſuppoſe that Religion is like your *Conſtitution*, which your Parliaments may ſhape and mould, enlarge or reſtrain as they judge neceſſary.

C. I fear, Senior, you have kept looſe Company ſince you came among us.

N. I hope your —— will have the Goodneſs not to ſuſpect the Probity of one of my Years.

C. Pſhaw! I don't tax you with Gallantries, tho' I wou'dn't ſwear for any Man under a hundred. For don't you know that two of our preſent moſt eminent Miniſters and *Patriots* are the Fruit of fourſcore?

N. An *Engliſh* Conſtitution may hold out longer, as it does not ripen ſo early, as the *Italian*. But as for the *Patriots* you mean, they evidently wear the Mark of their Sire's advanced Years in their Perſons. What was he in Principle? If I miſtake not he owed his great Fortune, and being known in the World, to a *Family* the Sons have ——

C. Indeed, Senior, you know but every thing——

N. Indeed, Madam, I don't know any thing ſo certainly as that I know nothing. I have been puzzling my Brain ever ſince I was capable of Reflection, about the *Conſtitution* of your fine Country here, and I frankly own I could never make any thing of it.

C. Bleſs us! What do you ſay? Don't you know that we have three Eſtates which compoſe the Legiſlature, and that whatever that Legiſlature does is *well done.*

N. That is attributing an Infallibility to *P——ts*, which you refuſe the Church. But in Reality the Caſe is quite otherwiſe, for nothing properly ſpeaking is *well done*, but that which has the Stamp of the laſt *P——t*, becauſe this may annul or repeal all that had been acted by former *P——ts*. So that I cannot conceive what Mr. *W——n* means by the *old Conſtitution.*—If I am in Error, I wiſh your——would condeſcend to ſet me right. And let me add, that the Favour will be the greater, that I have failed

failed hitherto of satisfying my Curiosity on this Head, tho' I have consulted some of the ablest and most learned Men of your Nation.

C. I am the unfittest Person in the World to set you right where so many great Men have failed; but as to what Mr. *W——n* meant by *old Constitution*, I think one need be no Conjurer to guess at his Intention. He means the Constitution as it stood before the ——

N. Saxons or *Normans*. Ha, ha!

C. No, no; not so high——

N. Before the Restoration then——

C. Nor that neither.

N. Nay, nay; if you won't go beyond the Restoration, and a good Cock's stride too, your *Constitution* will be many Years younger than your Religion, as it stands settled by Law; and then what Pretence had the *Apologist* to bestow upon it the pompous Epithet *Old?*——

Here, the cunning Whight flung out to me a String of Interrogatories as long as the Litany;

Litany; as, Did your *old Conſtitution* admit the chopping off the Head of the Prince; Did it authorize ba * * * * * *; Does it authorize the Exc * * * * * *? And ſo on, ſo impertinently, that at laſt I was obliged, in Self-defence, to ring my Bell. But, my Dear, miſtake me not; the Nobleman is too well bred to be capable of Rudeneſs. The Apprehenſion I had upon me was, that he might raviſh my Mind, and reaſon me againſt all thoſe things I was taught to ſet a Value on.

The Man has Wit, and you may be ſure, one intended for the Purple wants neither Art or Addreſs; and ſhould he have *Reaſon* too on his Side, what muſt become of all that Religious and Civil *Freedom* I was tutor'd to boaſt of?——

Well! Having thus luckily got rid of one, to whoſe Strength or Truth I was on the Verge of yielding, I return to my Office of Commentatrix. You muſt know, Dear *Harriot*, that this laſt crabbed Word ſticks in my Throat. I am not ſure that the Word *Commentator* may be changed like *Executor*; and I dare not ask for fear

of

of betraying myſelf. I hope *D—ds—y* will look to theſe literal Errors, he being the only one of the Trade I can venture to truſt. And yet, on ſecond Thoughts, I think I ought not to confide in him; for they ſay, Tradeſmen have no Notion of *Honour* but in regard to one another. And o' my Conſcience! I ſee no Reaſon for being angry at them, ſince People of Rank and Faſhion ſet them the Example and treat them ſo diſhonourably. Oh! How I have ſuffer'd in Spirit to ſee the Civil and Induſtrious ill uſed and begger'd by the vain and inſolent Spend-thrifts of both Sexes about this expenſive Town.

You deſire my Opinion of the *Apologiſt*'s Drift in acquainting the Publick of his Hypocriſy; and yet you might have been ſatisfied nearer home, if you had been the leaſt attentive to the Author's own Expreſſion. His Introduction is full an Eighth of his Performance, and I can ſee no other Tendency it has, except to perſuade his Countrymen that he was a Hypocrite for their Sakes.

The Nation's Good, *his* Maſter's *Glory*,
Without regard to Whig *or* Tory,
Were all the Schemes he had in View;
And, if he may be rely'd on——
Was ſeconded by not a Few.

In this little Mirror, which I borrow of the late witty *Dean*, you may behold your old facetious Friend, the enclouded *Apologiſt*, at his full length. And if you will take neither mine nor the Poet's Word, I hope you are too much a Court Lady to disbelieve what Miniſters affirm: That Generation of honeſt plain-dealing Men——

Whoſe Practice is in ev'ry Station,
To ſerve *the King*, *and* pleaſe *the Nation.*

If I did not fear that this laſt Line would hobble more, if the Word *pleaſe* had been put inſtead of *ſerve*, I would change it. I'll try——and with the Doctor's Leave, adventure an Alteration too——

Whoſe Practice is, *in ev'ry Station*,
To pleaſe *the K——*, *and* ruin *the Nation.*

Here

Here is a ſwinging Change you'll ſay, an Alteration with a Witneſs. But what then; it alludes to no Miniſters now in Being: And I hope one may ſay what one will of the Dead. As ſupple and cunning as our Court Lawyers were, I don't remember they conſtrue it to be treaſonable to ſpeak or write freely of dead Monarchs. I take this to be an unconteſted Maxim, or *B——p B——t* would not, ſo unguardedly have imputed a *Sin* to our ever Glorious and Immortal, which, he ſays, was too *foul* to be named.

Therefore, my Dear, if one may ſafely ſpeak of dead Kings, ſurely there can be no Danger in ſaying all one knows or thinks of their dead Servants. *Charles* II. I think it was, who ſaid of a Scribe, that wrote *Truth* of *Arlington* and ſome others of that Prince's Miniſtry, for which he was taken up; *the Fool! Had he continued abuſing me only, he had been ſafe.*

One would think that *Tom W——n* had had this trite Saying on the tip of his Pen, where he treats of the Living. Behold how gently he touches the Characters of the *Two*

Brothers. One may perceive an Intent to be guarded in the Picture, tho' it was not intended to be exhibited while the Painter lived. Such was the Influence of Power.

(*) " And as for *P——m*, the likeliest Man next yourself, if the Oppoſition prevails not, whatever his private Sentiments concerning the *old Conſtitution* be, for I never had Confidence enough in him to truſt him with mine, he has not Parts equal to ſo arduous an Undertaking; and therefore I ſhould ſuſpect the glorious Work would miſcarry in his Hands, even tho' his *Brother* ſhould co-operate with him; who, by the bye, has a better *Underſtanding*, tho' more confuſed and he be leſs laborious.—— Again, ſee how court is made to the *Elder*. I cannot ſay what the *D*——'s Diſcernment, (and let me ſay that his Judgment is more ſolid, when he affords himſelf Leiſure for ſerious Reflection, than is commonly imagined) and Love of his Country may prompt him to tranſact in Favour of the *old Conſtitution*, but am well aſſured he was neither bred nor

(*) Page 32, and 33.

" bor

" born, as you and I were, with Senti-
" ments in its Favour."

This is one continued Round of Panegyrick from Beginning to End. For what Slur is it to Mr. *P——m* that Sir *Robert Walpole*, who was Scheming to reſtore the *old Conſtitution*, ſhould never *have Confidence enough in him to truſt him with his Plan?* Does not this ſweet Plumb amply atone for the Sower in regard to the Sarcaſm on his *Underſtanding*, which follows? There is no Crime in not being born a ſublime Genius, but it might be cenſurable, in the preſent Age, to have ſome *Bowels* to *old Times* and none to a *Blood-Pudding*. You may remember this laſt Word is one of Lady——*d*'s choiceſt Epithets; and ſhe is the Standard of polite Language of late.

But pray, my Dear *Harriot*, don't you admire how it ſhould come in either *Tom*'s or Sir *Blew-String*'s Head to under-rate, ſo unjuſtly, this Great Man's *Underſtanding?* Was he not always Sir *Bob*'s right hand Man, his Back and his Buckler, whenever he was preſs'd by the *Bull Dogs* of the Oppoſition? Cry mercy, my Dear, for

levelling such noble *steady*, *faithful* Creatures with *Currs*, who snarled only to be taken Notice of and fed with Haunches from the Royal Board.—But as I was a saying; was not this present powerful Minister, that *Primier*'s Sheet Anchor, while even our *Tom*, and little Sir *Whiffler* were but his *Grapplings?* The latter was the Babler of the Pack, unheeded by the Staunch Hounds, nor was the Apologist seen in a much better Light, after he had made a certain flagrant open *Slip* in Point of Truth. But Mr. *P——m* never spoke but with Dignity, and scorned to be the immediate Instrument of imposing a Falsehood on the *H——e*, an Unworthiness, from which, the *Primier* himself was not always free.

But what better Proof can be of the Depth of this Gentleman's *Understanding*, than the general Approbation and Sanction given all his Measures by the late and present sagacious, and unbiass'd *H——* of *C——s?* We all know how Sir *Bob* bustled and sweated and *paid* for being *supported*. But all is calm and serene, all is clean and unsullied; no Bustle, no Sweat, nor no *Wages* is given of late, yet all are like Lord *Thomond*'s

mond's Cocks; and why, but becauſe of the *Soundneſs* of the Miniſter's *Underſtanding?*

One may ſee that ſome *M——rs* love Scandal as we Women, and envy and hate one another as heartily. *Walpole* undervalues *P——m*'s *Underſtanding*, and *Winnington* that of *Walpole*. What could a Prude ſay bitterer of a Toaſt? Ah, *Harriot*! How have you and I, in our greener, blooming Days, been pelted at by the Mob of homely *Prudes* about this Metropolis?—Hey, ho! What a melancholy Reflexion it is, that one *has been!*——To ſee how much one's Face, in the Glaſs, differs from thoſe drawn by *Kneller* and *Jerviſe*.—Racking thought!——But let us be revenged on the *Men* becauſe old Father *Time*, who has wrought the Alteration, is drawn like one.

I can't however, in Juſtice, but make an Exception in Favour of the *M——r*, whoſe *Underſtanding* has been ſo groſly miſunderſtood by the late *Primier* but one. I ſay, *late but one*, becauſe there was an intervening *Primier*, whom Sir *Bob* ſays, would

would (*) *build his Plan* for reſtoring the *old Conſtitution*, on *War and Confuſion*. This, he judges, as he tells us, *from the Reſtleſſneſs and Arrogance of his Diſpoſition.*

A *Primier*, it ſeems, we are always to have, but not for our *Sins*, I hope; and am ſure we can have no View of being bleſſed with one more nobly and generouſly intention'd than the preſent. We may ſee how far he exceeds his Predeceſſors in Magnanimity of Soul. They piddled with the Publick, asking only for *Scraps* at a time, intending, like Pickpockets, to empty our Purſes imperceptibly. But the preſent, like a Man of Honour as he is, asks for what is neceſſary at once, ſcorning the mean Arts of former Askers. If *Six Millions* be wanting and muſt be had, is it not more noble to ask for the Sum at once than torture the People with lingering Calls? Beſides, reflect on the Generoſity in Favour of the kind Lenders of this immenſe Sum. One has a Chance of getting *Ten Thouſand* for lending *One Hundred Pounds*; for ſo much may a Lottery Ticket produce. And pray,

(*) Page 34.

what

what *Primier* would do ſo much for us? I am ſure none could do more, for which Reaſon, I have left myſelf but one poor *Fifty Pound* Bank Note, to put into this Lottery, ſo generouſly beſtow'd on the Publick.

My Dear, ſhan't you pity me, ſhould you hear of my having an ill run at *Whiſt*? I hate to run in tick with Fellows, who are apt to aſſume a kind of Privilege where they are Creditors of Honour. But our dull Comfort is, my Dear *Harriot*, that this Dread leſſens as our Years increaſe.

If all I have ſaid to prove the *Primier*'s ſuperior *Underſtanding*, in Contradiction to what the *Apologiſt* advances, does not give you intire Satisfaction, you muſt be harder to pleaſe than an old Maid, a jealous Huſband, or peeviſh Poet.—But methinks, I hear you ask, Who is the *Primier*, the *Younger* or *Elder*? I ſay, *both*, acting by one Spirit in different Bodies. A happy Conjunction for us, that *thrive* ſo well both at *Home* and *Abroad*, the different Provinces in which theſe united *B——n* do equally ſhine.

We

We had a Pair of Brothers likewiſe in Sir *Blew-String*'s Adminiſtration, whom, I wonder the *Apologiſt* would omit celebrating according to their Merit. Did not an *Equilibriſt* which repreſented his Country with ſo great Dignity at *Soiſſons*, *Paris*, and the *Hague*, deſerve to be noticed? But this was not his only Omiſſion: He has not once mention'd an honeſt *Scot* or modeſt *Iriſhman* in his *Apology*, tho', on his Plan of meliorating things by an *Implicitenes* to high Commands, the *Scotch* at leaſt, on the Score of *Paſſiveneſs*, were entitled to no ſmall Portion of the Glory to be acquired by bringing *Engliſhmen* to a Senſe of their Intereſt by a *Conſumption*.

My Dear, I am almoſt out of Breath with ſtretching this *Scotch* Fiddle-String. But, after all, what Fleſh and Blood, that is allied with *Scots*, can bear the Inſolence of a Schemiſt that leaves that *pliant* Nation out of his Plan of Operation? Excepting the laſt Period of *Blew-String*'s Power, wherein the late *D*—— of *A*——*e*, took Pique to him and divided the ſupple *Northern* Band, was there an Inſtance, in that long Adminiſtration of the *Scots* dividing againſt

againſt the Miniſter and Court, either *Above* or *below? Above*, they were as well bred as the *B——ps*; and *Below* as dutiful as *P——e M—n*. How comes it then they were not thought worthy of a Place in *Tom*'s Memoirs? But perhaps honourable mention might have been made of that prudent People in the Paragraph concerning the Rebellion, which, the Editor ſays, he omitted for prudential Reaſons. So that, probably, I may have been cenſuring poor *W————n* all this while without Cauſe.

Ay; but ſuppoſing the ſtifled Paragraph had made honourable mention of the *Scots*, as Promoters of the important *Scheme*, how is the *Apologiſt* excuſable for his Neglect of the *Iriſh*, the greateſt Part of whom, are thought not to be Enemies of the *old Conſtitution*.

The late great *D*—— of *M———h*, according to Mr. *W——n*, had his Views conſtantly to *that*, which he ſeem'd to turn his Back upon moſt: And if ſo, 'tis natural to think he might let his Creature *C—d—n* into the Secret. But perhaps, he

might have thought the *Iriſh* General, too much concern'd in Point of Intereſt, as moſt of the new Comers in *Ireland* are, having the Eſtates of the old Natives, to truſt him with the Secret of a Scheme too big to be ſupported by a Deſcendant of a *C———n*. Had that big *Earl* been living, I dur'ſt as well be hang'd as call him an *Iriſhman*, tho' born in *Ireland*. You can't forget this Native Bull of Sir *Richard Steele*'s begetting.

Lord, my Dear! Whither am I going? Like a *Tripod*, methinks, I ſtand with a Foot in each of the three Kingdoms—A Woman's Tongue, the Men ſay, has no reſt but when ſhe ſleeps: And o' my Conſcience! I think the ſame may be ſaid of her Pen, if all be like mine. 'Tis in this Place and that, and every where. Nor ſhall I be angry if you ſhould ſay, 'tis no where or to no Account: Tho' by the way, if it be, like the *C——e M——t* Orator's Tongue, buſy with various Subjects, and to little Purpoſe, you ſhould remember it is employ'd not only to amuſe yourſelf, but by your abſolute Command.

The

The *Apologiſt*, like other great Stateſmen, is often obſcure, and probably ſo by Deſign: Or perhaps he expected the Publick would take his Word implicitly. See how laconickly, not to ſay contemptuouſly, he mentions our late victorious Captain. " I am " well ſatisfied, that Lord *Godolphin* and " the Great Duke of *M———h*, wiſhed " as warmly to the *old Conſtitution*, as my " Uncle *Harley*, and had wrought as ar- " duouſly on their Plan, for its Reſtora- " tion, as he did on his, or as I have on " mine."

Had Mr. *W——n* intended any thing more than a bare Vindication of his own Conduct, he would have told us what that great General's Plan was, for reſtoring the *old Conſtitution*; for the Publick ſeem to be but little acquainted with any Intentions he might have had towards it. The *Apologiſt* could be no Stranger to a Fact I had often heard mention by my Mama, that the Duke propoſed to match his *youngeſt Daughter* to *one*, on whoſe Head he would engage to fix three Crowns. But the Propoſal being rejected, I could perceive no Tendency the Duke had to the *old Conſtitution*, till

juſt before Queen *Anne*'s Death, when, it is thought, he was returning from his Exile to put her Scheme in Execution. But, ever lucky and preſent to himſelf, he makes a Merit to the new Family of an opportune *Arrival* intended to defeat their Pretenſions.

The Writer is more explicite where he ſpeaks of the late Earl *S——b——e*'s Scheme, which was, *to raiſe a Common-wealth on the Ruins of Monarchy, that from ſuch Confuſion another* R————n *might be produced.* But why might he not as well have imputed the like Views to *one of the Chiefs of the Levellers, whoſe Alliance, he ſays, would keep Lord* G——r *ſteady, if his own good Underſtanding would permit him to relapſe into the old Tory Error, of oppoſing or reſiſting Miniſters?*—If by *Leveller* he means a Republican, why ſhould the *Apologiſt* entertain a better Opinion of the dead than the living *Leveller*. But indeed, had Mr. *W——n* lived till after the late *L——b——d* Races, I ſhould believe he intended to convey quite another Meaning by the Word *Leveller*, as applicable to one that had been humbled or *Levelled* with the Earth, by an ignoble Hand.

But,

But, of all *Tom*'s Errors, there is none I am ſo little inclined to pardon as his Invectives againſt Lord *B———e*, that Charm of his own Sex and Charmer of ours. Oh, *Harriot!* What a Woman's Companion muſt he have been, before Age wore off the Edge of that Gaiety and Spritelineſs, which render'd him the Delight of the Sex? And ſhall this Writer, who, tho' an agreeable Amuſer, had not a Tythe of St. *J——n*'s Charms; ſhall he draw ſuch different injurious Portraits of the beſt Friend to the *old Conſtitution* that has been ſince the *new* has taken Place? I have not Patience to bear ſo groſs Abuſe, thrown out in Spight, for having tript up the Heels of his Uncle *Oxford.*

See, my Dear, the various ill-natured Shades he has caſt over that diſtinguiſh'd Character? (*) " Except Lord *B———ke*, " whoſe Vanity or bad Heart obſtructed " the Treaſurer's Scheme, and whoſe Con- " duct afterwards in *France*, render'd his " Integrity queſtionable at leaſt, there had " not been a ſingle Miniſter of Senſe, ſince " the Revolution that had not a conſtant

(*) Page 26.

" View

" View to the Recovery of the Conſtitu-
" tion.—Again (*) Lord *Oxford*'s Plan
" would almoſt have executed itſelf, if he
" had not the Fickleneſs of his Royal Miſ-
" treſs, and the *Rottenneſs* of St. *J*——*n*,
" and *H*——*t*, to obſtruct his Carrier."—
But this laſt Stroke of his envenom'd Pencil, is harſheſt of all. (†) " But in
" the latter Days of his, the *Treaſurer*'s
" Influence, he had Difficulties to ſurmount
" which few chief Miniſters before him
" ever had. He had a weak female Genius
" to manage on one Hand, and a *reſtleſs*,
" *ambitious*, *ſelf-ſufficient Coadjutor*, whom
" he durſt not truſt, believing he was *un-*
" *ſound at bottom*, to deal with on the
" other."—

What Reaſon could *Harley* have to think him *unſound?* Was it becauſe his Father and Family were known *Levellers*, or becauſe he had been bred under a *Non-con?* If I have been rightly informed the *Suſpicious* was on a level with the *Suſpected*, on the Score of a prejudiced Birth and Education. And it may have been with both, as with King *James* I. who, having been

(*) Page 27. (†) Page 19.

bred

bred under *Non-cons*, hated them ever after, probably, becauſe he knew them the beſt.

I ſhall never forgive *W———n*, tho' his Ghoſt were to haunt me, for having aſperſed a Character that ought, for ever, to be dear to our Sex. Has not the dear Man's whole Life been dedicated to Politics and the Fair; and have not the latter had the larger Diviſion of his time?—Shall I behold ſuch a *Veteran* traduced and not draw this Weapon, you forced into my Hand, in his Defence. Take here then St. *J—n*'s *Apology* in Anſwer to *W———n*'s, Charge of Unſoundneſs of Heart and Inattention to the true Intereſt of his Country.

If the Truth were known, I believe it would appear, that the *Secretary* in Queen *Anne*'s Days, had flung the *Treaſurer*, becauſe he ſuſpected, by his Shifting and Trimming, that he intended only to protract Matters and temporize, till the Queen, who could not live long, ſhould make way for the new Family. And had it been otherwiſe, would *Oxford* have eſcaped with Impunity, as he did, in the ſucceeding Reign?

Reign? Again, as for his Conduct afterwards in *France*, whatever had been imputed to him, he himſelf has confuted, beyond a poſſibility of Contradiction, in a maſterly Peice publiſhed about Eighteen Years ago. There, we find an ample Vindication of his Conduct abroad, and to ſtrengthen it, an Appeal to Lord *Stair*, who had been our Miniſter at *Paris*, at the time, wherein the *Walpoleans* had objected to him the Abuſe of his Truſt.

If we believe *Oxford* to have been a Trimmer, between his Royal Miſtreſs's Favour and that of her Succeſſor, we muſt neceſſarily abſolve *B———ke*, from being one that had contributed to the Obſtruction of his Scheme. On the contrary, it may be ſuppoſed, that the *Secretary* oppoſed and unhing'd the Treaſurer, becauſe he found he had not, nor intended to act up to his Profeſſions. And as none has taken up the Gauntlet thrown out by this great Man, ſo many Years ago, I think he ſtands fairly acquitted of a Breach of Faith in the Office he bore in *France*, after he had been perſcribed.

'Tis

'Tis probable Mr. *W———n*, like many others, may have had his Eye to the Grace ſhewn Lord *B———ke* by the late King. But, in my Opinion, the Scantineſs of the Favour proves, that he had no Merit with the Prince who granted it; for if he had render'd the ſuggeſted Services, he certainly had been reſtored to his Titles and Dignities.

But, my Dear, I am all this while but clearing my way to ſuch a Juſtification of that Stateſman's Attachment to the *real Intereſt* of his Country, as muſt ſtrike old *Oxford*'s Partizans, and all the World, Dumb. Did he not put an end to a ſucceſsful War, and give *Spain* and the *Indies* to a *Bourbon?* Shew me how in the World he could have better promoted the *Change* he had in View? Or if this Teſt, of that Politician's Intention, gives not Content to the Sceptics of this Infidel Age, let me produce another, which, tho' but Preſumptive, muſt, I am ſure, Silence them for ever.—You know, dear *Harriat*, the Keenneſs of my Propenſity to Politics and Speculation, therefore will the leſs admire at what follows.

You are to know, my Dear, that *Miniſters* require *Nurſing*, ſometimes, as well as Infants and Lying-in Women. But this is far from being our Caſe at preſent. We have a Pair of *B——rs*, who thank their benign Stars, are equal to the ponderous Weight they have taken up. If they have a mind to continue the War, in hopes of better Luck, they are able to direct and ſupport it. And ſhould they turn their Thoughts to Peace, thinking an indifferent one more Eligible than an Unſucceſsful War, who doubts but they could manage the Negociation, as dextrouſly as *Walſingham* or *Temple*?

But it often happens, on extraordinary occaſions, that the greateſt Men let themſelves out to *Nurſe*, as one might ſay, to ſome experienced Man of much Leiſure, on whom they lay the Drudgery of a perplexed Negociation. But this can, by no Means, be taken for a Lack of Abilities equal to the Task, but rather from a certain Indolence which is too often woven with ſuperior Talents. Now if our Stateſmen ſhould, at any time, be in ſuch an indolent Taking, where

where could they lay their Cares ſo well, as on the beſt Head of the Age, and ſoundeſt Heart too, as I have proved, for all our once facetious Friend, *Tom*, ſays to the contrary? Where could ſuch another *Nurſe* be found; who knew ſo well the Genius of the *French* Court, and the Method of dandling infant Treaties either on the Knee or in a Cradle?

We may be ſure that a Genius of ſo great Vivacity as Lord *B———ke*'s, would not be long about his Work; therefore ſuppoſing, that immediately after taking the ſtrong *Dutch* Town with the hard Name, he was permitted to diſplay his Talents and play all the Slights of Hand he had learnt of *Matchiavel*, we may be allowed to ſuppoſe that, by this Time, he may have hatched *Preliminaries* at leaſt; and on this Suppoſition, indulge me, to ſuppoſe a Set of them juſt now *Imported*, which are to be the Baſis of a general Peace, intended to fix the perpetual Tranquillity of *Europe*.

You ſee, my Dear, how great a Dealer I am in *Suppoſitions*: If any of thoſe I make ſhould prove chimerical, place it to my

Account; and, by the ſame Rule, you will place ſuch as may happen to be embodied with *Reality*, to that of thoſe whom it chiefly concerns. You muſt not wonder, if I ſuppoſe, that he who had given mighty Kingdoms away heretofore, by the Stroke of his Pen, ſhould now deal ſmall *Provinces* about for the Service of the Publick.

Inprimis, then; but before I proceed let me premiſe, that I am not ſure but I am gone out of my Depth at my ſetting out. If *Inprimis* ſhould be *Latin*, as I hope it is not, the Critics may ſay, what had this Female Medler to do with the learned Languages, ſhe who knows ſo little of her Mother Tongue? — Well then, to avoid all Cavilling, I am contented to ſink the Words; for of all Creatures I ſhould hate to have theſe Book-Moths make War upon me. In a peeviſh Humour, or cloudy Weather, they make no more of cutting away a Woman's Beauty or Fame, than old Maids. Therefore, ſhall begin in plain *Engliſh*——

PRELIMINARIES.

Firſt, There ſhall be a Ceſſation of Arms, for twelve Months, during which time, and no

no longer, a Congreſs ſhall be held at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, for concluding a general Peace; and in the mean while, each ſhall keep what he now Poſſeſſes.

Secondly, The late Conqueſts of *France*, except *Dutch Flanders* and *Brabant*, which ſhall be reſtored, ſhall be erected into a Principality or Kingdom, in favour of Marſhal Count *de Saxe*, who is to marry a Daughter of *France*.

Thirdly, Don *Philip* is to be put in Poſſeſſion of *Parma* and *Placentia*, the Inheritance of his Mother.

Fourthly, The *Genoeſe* are to be reſtored to their Poſſeſſions and the Matter of an Indemnification, for the Contributions exacted from them, ſhall be left to be diſcuſs'd at the Congreſs.

And *Laſtly*, The Reſtitution of *Gibraltar*, *Minorca* and *Cape-Briton*, ſhall be a Point left to the Diſcuſſion of the Congreſs.

As for our Difference with *Spain*, about Search and no Search, which occaſion'd the War

War with that Crown, it ſhall remain as by former Treaties, unleſs it ſhould be thought neceſſary to be otherwiſe determined by the Congreſs.

What would you think, my Dear *Harriot*, of ſuch a Set of *Preliminaries*, that ſhould give *France* breathing Time, Leiſure to bring home her Treaſures, ſupply and ſtrengthen her Colonies, form Alliances, diſſolve or weaken that againſt her, practiſe her Arts on the Diſcontented in *Holland*, and involve and continue the *Dutch*; and we the whole time, in all the Expence of the War as much as if it had gone on? Need any Man, or Set of Men have Recourſe to a *Nurſe* for the obtaining ſo diſtinguiſh'd a String of hopeful Articles? What a Flow of high good Humour muſt *France* be in to agree to them?

I remember, laſt Summer, you and I were laying our wiſe Noddles together to find out the true Meaning of the late *Diſſolution*. But, my Dear, ſhould you find ſuch Preliminaries as mine to be *Nurſed* up for us at any time this Winter, like Snow-drop Flowers, you will no longer be at a Loſs for the calling a New *P———t*.

I

I am thinking what a ſweet Plight our Ally of *Hungary* ſhall be left in by ſuch a Peace as theſe Preliminaries promiſe. We ſhall have ſupported the Houſe of *Auſtria* to ſome Purpoſe, at the Expence of many a hard Million of *Engliſh* Money, if after we complimented the King of *Pruſſia* with *Siletia*, and the King of *Sardinia* with beſt Part of the *Milaneſe*, at her Coſt, we now agree to Compliment Monſieur *de Saxe*, and Madam *de France*, with all the *Auſtrian Netherlands*.

And, without Doubt, the *Dutch* will hold themſelves highly in our Debt, for helping them to the Bleſſing of a *Stadholder*, and agreeing to the yielding up their *Barrier* for ever to a Creature of *France*. Then, as to his *Sardinian* Majeſty, if he be obliged to reſign *Placentia* to *Don Philip*, and be recompenced no where elſe; ſhan't we leave him in a worſe Condition than we found him, conſidering that his new Neighbour will ſoon ſpread himſelf around him, like a Drop of Oyl on a Piece of Stuff.

But, my Dear, the moſt finiſhed Figure in the Drapery, is the referring to the Congreſs,

greſs, our Right to the Poſſeſſion of our *Conqueſts*, the laſt and preſent War, on *Spain* and *France*. How was poor *Walpole* hunted for the *Convention*, a Compact, far from being of ſo great Importance as ſuch a one as I ſuppoſe. But the *P———t* in thoſe Days, was in the *Wean*, 'tis now in the very Beginning of the *firſt Quarter*.—What will the World ſay of our Courage and Wiſdom, if, being Maſters at Sea, we ſhould give away Conqueſts that can't be wreſted from us but by a ſuperior Naval Force?

In Truth, *Harriot*, I am glad I am come to the end of my Politics, and wiſh'd a thouſand times, I had ſtopt ſhort, and laid down my favourite St. *J——n* at the Peace of *Utrecht*. But ſince I have brought him thus far, we muſt not part before I ſound his Praiſe, as a Patriot of the firſt Claſs, ſpite of the *Apologiſt*, whom I will ſpare as he can't Anſwer for himſelf—A-propos to Mr. *W———n*'s not being in a Condition to Anſwer for himſelf, I cannot help diverting you and myſelf, by way of Relaxation, with a ſhort Tale, I have often heard of the late Lord *Lovat*, and the famous

mous Mr. *Toland*, who was thought to wish no better to his Divine *Deliverer* than *J——n M——y* to his best Benefactor.

Bating his Religious Principles, *Toland*, they say, was such an agreeable Companion as one of Lord *Lovat*'s Wit and Learning might wish for; therefore, meeting in *Holland*, they became exceeding intimate; and being one Day together at a noted Coffee-House at the *Hague*, where, according to *Toland*'s Custom, he inveigh'd fashionably against Christianity and its Great *Founder*, to the great Joy of most of the Company, who, it seems, were his constant Auditors. But turning the Edge of his Discourse on the *Stuart*'s and particularly on our King *James* II. *Lovat*, who had always a Tendre for that hapless Royal Family, struck him over the Head with a heavy Cane he held in his Hand, saying, "Rascal! While "you abused Jesus Christ, I bore with "you, as knowing he was able to revenge "himself; but you shall not dare traduce "dead Princes that are unable to vindicate "themselves."—But here, let me Drop one attainted *P——r* to take up another,

who, 'tis to be hoped, will ſoon riſe to a *Primier*, for having *Nurſed* up ſuch a *Gauliſh* Bantling as I have been *ſuppoſing*.

You may object, perhaps, that the Removal of a certain late Northern *Adventurer*, from *France*, is not touched upon in my *ſuppoſed* Set of Preliminaries. But fy upon you! Would you be ſo unpolite as to exact any thing of the *Grand Monarque* that ſhould ſeem to claſh with his Honour? I ſhould not be ſurprized indeed, that our *M——rs* would wiſh to procure ſuch a *Gilding* for the *Pill*; but ſhould be very much ſo, if *France* yielded, in her preſent Plight and ours. Beſides, our political *Nurſe*, would have acted out of Character, had he laid too great Streſs on a *Removal*, which, if he could obtain, might break in upon his general Syſtem.——

There is no fathoming the Depths of ſome Stateſmen, if you will take Mr. *W———n*'s Word for't; "But alas! How fallible are "the Conjectures of the Publick, in re-"gard to Stateſmen of any Depth or Cau-"tion!" Let us then ſuppoſe the beſt of

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our noble *Nurſe* and his nobler *Nurſling*, and lay them down as ardent in the Recovery of ſuch *Good Things* as may, at any time, have been *dropt*, by Chance or Deſign.

Lord! How theſe curſed Politics turn one's Head! O' my Conſcience! I believe, if mine had had a caſt the other way, I ſhould be as Enthuſiaſtic as *Balmerino*, who died in his *Regimentals*, or *Smith*, who garter'd with *Plaid-Ribbon*. But being a true *Engliſh Compound*, you need not fear, I ſhall riſque my long white Neck or Pin-Money for any Cauſe but that of the Church—Ha, ha! I can't help it, my Dear, if I were to die for't. Such a mouthful, as *Church*, to come from the Lips of a modern Woman of Faſhion! Lord! How they would ſtare at me at Lady *H*——'s, if ſuch an Expreſſion ſhould eſcape me there!—— I was in Hopes, this Tranſition to Mother *Church*, might have alter'd the Current of my Attention from Politics, but find the Itch will hold me till I have quite wore out my *Suppoſitions*.

I know your natural Inquiſitiveneſs, and therefore would remove your Scruples before you communicate any, to ſave your Trouble and my own. You'll wonder that I ſuppoſe no *Donceurs* in favour of the cheriſh'd *E*———*e*, in my Group of Preliminaries. To which I anſwer, that I keep certain delicate Matters in *petto*, hoping that if *France* be gratified in *Materials*, ſhe may be brought to return the Favour in *Trifles*, ſuch being to her all *Secularizations* diſtant from her Borders. The King of *P*——*a*, being the only one to obſtruct ſuch Views, is it not neceſſary that we ſhould indulge that *Power*, who alone can wean that Prince from any ſuch Obſtruction?——One Word more and I am done with political *Suppoſitions* for ever and a-day. You'll ask me, Why ſhall our Allies acquieſce in ſuch Meaſures, as I ſuppoſe, may have been ſhaped out for them and us of late, if they don't approve of them? I anſwer again, becauſe they have not the Option to diſapprove, being reduced to too low an Ebb of Power to be able to oppoſe, without us, the Common Enemy. But who

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contributed to reduce them to that Ebb of Power? That indeed is a Queſtion I leave to be ſolved by the *Conductors* of the War, the *Generals* who commanded in the Field, and the *Carvers* of my *ſuppoſed* Preliminaries.

I am conſcious to have taken up too much of your Time, dear *Harriot*, and my own, with my political *Suppoſitions*, which, however, you will find have not been altogether foreign to the Purpoſe of your Commands to me. They have furniſhed me with an Opportunity of vindicating Lord *B———ke* your peculiar Favourite, and clearing up certain Obſcurities relative to his Character and that of his preſent *Employers*, which ſeem to have been purpoſely caſt over them by the *Apologiſt*.

But what ſhall I ſay of your other *Favourite*, the Favourite of our whole Sex, and the Glory of his own? Shall I vindicate him from the Charge brought againſt him by Mr. *W———n*, or ſhall I confirm it? Or is there no *Medium*, which would fit him and no other Man of his Country?

Country?—I would ſay ſomewhat, methinks, of that aimable Character, yet know not well how to attempt a Subject, which to handle it properly, requires ſuch Delicacy as can come only from ſuch a Pen or Tongue as his own. *Appelles* only was permitted to draw *Alexander*; and you expect a Portrait of *C———d* from me.—Ah, *Harriot!* Why would you impoſe ſo unequal a Task on your Friend? What Pen could Paint that dear Man, at Lady *A——n*'s of an Evening, charming the bright Circle about him, and *ſeeming* to be charm'd, that he may Charm the more?

'Tis not enough for us to endeavour pleaſing our Company, but muſt ſeem pleaſed with them too, if we would pleaſe compleatly. And ſurely, if ever Man poſſeſſed this and every other Art of pleaſing Superlatively, 'tis the preſent *S———y* for the *Northern P———e*.—Oh, that *Aix-la-Chapelle* had been a few Degrees further *South!*—Shan't you think me a fit Patient for the learned *Monroe*, that can talk thus wildly and incoherently? What, you'll ſay, can he, who, tho' he have half the Cares of the Nation

in

in his Breaſt, yet appears as vacant and unbended among his old Acquaintance, as when he oppoſed Schemes he reliſhed not; what, you'll ſay, has he to do with the Situation of the Place of Congreſs?—Oh, *Harriot!* would you wiſh your Darling to bear any Share of the *Guilt* or *Blame* of a Treaty founded on ſuch a Preliminary *Baſis* as I have here *ſuppoſed?* Ought not rather the Weight of the *Superſtructure*, to lie on him who had laid the *Foundation?* But thus ſometimes, will *M———rs* ſhift off the Odium of a *weak Meaſure* from themſelves on the Man they mean to Ruin. I won't take upon me to ſay, that this is a ſimilar Caſe, yet methinks, I could wiſh the Place of Congreſs had been in another *P——ce*; for ſomething Whiſpers me that all is *not Right*; and I would, if poſſible, keep the amiableſt Man of his Country from being in the *Wrong*.

To wind up what I would ſay farther of this ſhining Genius, whatever may be his private Thoughts of the *old Conſtitution*, that which the *Apologiſt* had in View, and as he ſays, all the Great Men ſince the

R———n

R———n, I am ſure he will in no Station, act derogatory to his Honour, or that pure, unadulterated *Affection*, which every good Citizen ſhould bear his Country.—— My Dear *Harriot*, I begin to be heartily tired of being ſerious, and wiſh for ſome ſpritely Company to put me in Cue to finiſh this Scrowl to your Taſte——And behold, to my wiſh, Lady *Fanny* is come ſeaſonably to my Relief. I hear her little Clack coming up the Stairs, and ſhall amuſe you with the Chit-chat as ſoon as ſhe is gone.

L. F. Good-Morrow, my Dear; have you heard the News?

C. Yes; that Lady *Fanny*———was ſhe, whom *F———g* repreſents in a *Plaid Jacket*, in the Front of his *Jacobite* Journal.

L. F. The Whirling Coxcomb! What had he to do with ridiculing any Party, who had travell'd round the whole Circle of Parties and Miniſters, ever ſince he could brandiſh a Pen? But I ſuppoſe he has got a *Penſion* for

for amuſing People with his Nonſenſe, to draw off their Attention from what's *doing amiſs*, as one of his Fellow *Journaliſts*, ſome time ago, had, for holding his Tongue. —Well may ——— be raiſed in a *Day*, when Publick Money is thus laviſh'd on Weather-cocks and Jackalls.

C. You are ruffled, my Dear; and I ſhould think you above being put out of Humour by ——

L. F. Hackney Writers ——

C. Or any thing, except an Attack on your Perſon or Fame.

L. F. My Perſon alone; you might ſay; as for my Fame, there is no ſtopping People's Mouths; and I don't care, That, for what either Prudes or Rakes ſhall ſay of me while I know myſelf innocent. —Dear me! Who would mind the Babble of ill Tongues. What do you think was publickly ſaid at Madam *C*———*y*'s laſt Night? That the *Apology* was ordered to be wrote and liberally paid for, by a certain Great

Man, to divert the People from too great Curiosity while *Peace* is on the Anvil.

C. What was the Foreign *M——r's* Opinion about Peace?

L. F. That it was come over piping hot from *Paris*; but the Babe being somewhat ill-favour'd, it would be kept up till after the Holy-Days.

C. That Mens Blood might be sweeten'd by Mince-Pye and Plumb-Pudding, and come up in better Humour from their Country Seats.

L. F. My Dear! Can you think, after what was done the *other Day*, that there are any sharp Humours which stand in the way of the *Peace-maker?*

C. I may lend a Sum of Money to oblige my Friend or Benefactor, when I would not risque my whole Fortune to please any one.

L. F. Ay, you and others of your Sex, might do as become you; but where do we see that Men act as they ought?

C.

C. Don't you think, your Favourite *W*———*n* acted as became him?

L. F. I think he might have taken in many more Characters into his Liſt of the Promoters of his beloved *old Conſtitution*. He might have found a *Pair*, I could name, that, in all likelihood, will help the Promotion of his Scheme, more than any two and twenty in the Nation.

C. Who?

L. F. Can't you gueſs?

C. Not for my Soul, unleſs you mean Madam ———*te* and her Son.

L. F. Ha, ha! Lud! what a Gueſs was there for one that knows the Town as well as your ——! ———*te* and her Baby Son! Ha, ha! How could they be Inſtruments?

C. By her acting as a late Dutcheſs is ſaid to have done in Earl *S*——*d*——*d*'s Time, and the Boy's being *L*———*d* by *L*——, ſo as to be qualified for the *S*———*n*.

L. F. Oh, the fine ſpun Scheme! But mine has Breath and Length to ſupport it, as your —— may perceive by this Picture of my Agents. See if you can find them out in the Crowd of *Promoters* in the united Kingdom. Your —— muſt look out ſharp or you'll paſs them by.

C. Becauſe they are of *ſmall* Account or of little *Bulk*.

L. F. No; becauſe you'll be apt to look before ——, but not *above* you.

C. I ken you. *O——r H——y* ſometime ſince, very humorouſly deſcribed one of your *Babes*, as having a great —— but no ——, and the whole World agree that the other has a —— without ——.

L. F. Nay, for the Matter of ——, I don't know who has moſt, one having ſhew'd lately as much a Want of them —— as the other does daily at ——. The generous, manly *Compaſſion* of the *firſt* is no leſs Conſpicuous than the *Steadineſs* and *Wiſdom* of the *Latter*—— And ſo, my dear

dear *D*——, your humble Servant; I promiſed Lady *T*——*d* to Dine with her, to help Writing a Vindication of poor, dear *W*————*n*'s Apology ————

C. A *Comment*, you mean. It might be dangerous to uſe the Word *Vindicate*, which is approving.

L. F. I wiſh I could ſee that Man or Woman that dare dictate to me. As an *Engliſh-Woman*, I have a Right to approve or diſapprove as I pleaſe; and I will maintain my Prerogative—Bleſs us! 'Tis paſt Four—Adieu. O, Lay! I forgot to tell your —— that all the Foreign Ladies, laſt Night, agreed that the *V*——*n A*——*ſs* is maul'd by the Small Pox.

She is gone, dear *Harriot*, and all my little Stock of Wit and Humour being gone along with her, or exhauſted, I am forced to ſay as ſhe did —— Adieu, with this trite Reflection, in Favour of the *Apologiſt*, and our late Miniſters, which I often heard from *P*——*t* and *L*————*n*, and *P*——*y* and

and *S———s* before they wore *C———ts*; *that no State or Common-wealth can be of long Duration, which is not often corrected by, and reduced to, its* FIRST PRINCIPLES.—Once more, dear *Harriot*, Adieu.

December 14, 1747.